



AIRIES

YOSHITAKA AMANO

FAIRIES

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ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY
CAMELLIA NIEH



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A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

In the wood of Athens, young people fall in love picking hawthorne buds at dawn for the rise of May in the wood of Athens, young girls lie on beds of soft primroses, sharing their secrets. When the moon is like a drawn silver bow, the faeries emerge to chase Hecate's cat, following darkness like a dream and skimming the sunlight. Their lord is Oberon, king of the fairies. Their queen is Titania, mistress of love. Amid the fragrance of the flowers, Titania bids the faeries to sing . . .

*Come, now a roundel and a jolly song,
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;
Some to kill cuckoo in the marsh-rose heds;
Some war with ere-while for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coo, and some leap back
The clowns and awl, that nightly boots and wanders
At our quiet spirits. Sing me new songs . . .*



For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she as her attendant hath
A lovely boy, stolen from an Indian king;
She never had so sweet a changeeling;
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;
But she perceiveth with the loved boy,
Crown'd him with flowers and makes him all her joy:
And now they never meet in grove or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,
But, they do square, that all their lives for fear
Creep into acorn-cups and hie them there: . . .
Thou speak'st of night!
I am that merry wanderer of the night:
I jest to Oberon and make him smile

My gentle Puck come hither: thou remember'st,
Since once I sat upon a promontory;
And heard a Mermaid, on a Dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath . . .



That very time, I saw that thou could'st not
Fly between the cold Moon and the earth;
Cupid, all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair Vestal, swallow'd by rest,
And lo! 'twas his love-shaft smote, from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But, I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quencht in the chaste bosom of the virgin Aster:
And the Imperial Mistress pass'd on,
In maiden meditation, fancy free:
Yet wast thou, where the bolt of Cupid fell.
It fell upon a little western flower;
Before, mellow'd; now purple, with love's wound,
And maidens call it, Love in Idleness:
Fetch me that flower: the herb I showed thee once:
The juice of it, on sleeping eyelids laid,
Will make us men or women madly dote,
Upon the next Eve creature that it sees:
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again:
Ere the Leviathan can seize a league









Ill met by moonlight, proud Thaisa.

*What, jealous Oberon? Fairies, skip hence:
I have seen more than you two company.*

Tarry, rash warriors: ere yet I fly hence!

*And throughout this opera, we see
The seasons change: ice-cold frosts
Freeze the fresh crimson roses;
And on the old God of Winter's chin and icy crown,
Is set a circle of sweet summer buds . . .
And this little of evil of an upside-down world is caused
By our arguments, from our disagreements.*





A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

Welcome, good Robin.
 Ser'tat bliss this sweet sight?
 Her slings now I do begin to pity:
 For, moving her of late belov'd the wood,
 Seeking sweet flowers from this hateful forest,
 I did upbraid her and fall out with her;
 For she his hairy temples then had rounded
 With a coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
 And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
 Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls,
 Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes
 Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.
 When I had at my pleasure taunted her
 And she in mild terms begged my pity,
 I then did ask of her her changeling child,
 Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
 To bear him to my lover in fairy land.
 And now I have the boy, I will undo
 This hateful imperfection of her eyes.

*My folly lived, this must be done with haste,
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder skirts Aurora's hasting robes;*

*Then, my queen, in silence and
Tide we'll take the night's shade:
We the globe one compass round,
Softer than the wandering moon,*





THE RICH FAIRY LEPRECHAUN

A tiny man works under a hedge, hammering away on a pair of shoes. This is the leprechaun, the cobbler of the fairies, with his white beard, three-cornered hat, red clothes, and leather apron. It is the leprechaun's job to fix the shoes worn thin by the fairies with all of their dancing, but he is a strange little creature who will only accept one shoe from each client. He may be strange, but he is also very wealthy. He has ninety-nine pots of gold buried in a secret spot. If you catch the leprechaun and make him tell you where his treasure is buried, you can be rich, too.

Tom was extremely lucky to be one of the few people to find a leprechaun under his hedge. He grasped the little old shoemaker tightly with both hands. The little old man told Tom where his pots of gold were, but he kept changing his story. "Over there. No, no, they're over here! No, now I remember, over here!" He dragged Tom this way and that way until the soles of Tom's shoes were thin, but still no treasure.

Leprechauns are nimble fairies, and can disappear in the blink of an eye. Tom knew this, and he strained to keep his eyes wide open. Just when he thought he couldn't bear it any longer, the leprechaun said, "This time I'm sure. The treasure is buried at the root of that tall balaun."

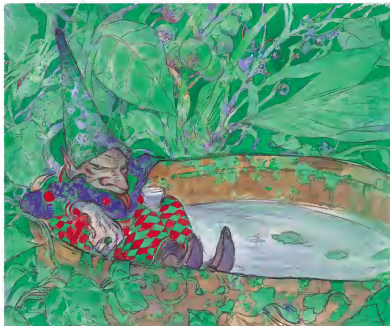
Without meaning to, Tom blinked. Before he could so much as open his hands, the leprechaun melted away, as quick as water sinking into sand. Tom was left standing before a huge field, full of golden balauns swaying in the breeze.

He didn't have anything to dig with, so he marked the spot with a red garter, tying it around the stem of the tall balaun the leprechaun had pointed to before racing home to get a shovel.

Again, Tom stood before the field of golden balauns swaying in the breeze. Each and every one of them had a red garter tied around its stem.

Kip-tap, kip-tap! The leprechaun is a clever one!
Tom never found his treasure.





THE WINE CELLAR FAIRY

CLURICAUN

It was an icy night in winter and the moon was shining round when the drunkard Billy came across a Cluricaun. The Cluricaun is a small fairy with a loud voice who lives all alone in a wine cellar, and he is always drunk.

Billy the drunkard and the Cluricaun drink their days away, sneaking into wine cellars and pilfering fine wines. The rashes were their leases and they snuck into the farmhouses through the layholes. On one such night, Billy and the Cluricaun came upon a farmhouse where the entire village was gathered to celebrate the wedding of two young people, Bridget and Davy.

"You know, Billy, tomorrow will be my one thousandth birthday," the Cluricaun said. "I've never taken a wife, and it's about time I did. That's why I'm here today. Bridget is just the girl for me, and I mean to steal her away."

The lovely Bridget walked into the room carrying a large platter of delicious food. Just then, she let out a huge sneeze, but not a single person said, "God bless you." Even the groom had his mouth stuffed full of tasty meats and vegetables.

Bridget's skin was as white as snow and her eyes were big and blue. This time, she gave a tiny little sneeze. But again, not a single person said "God bless you," because they were too busy to notice.

"Bridget is a good as mine," the Cluricaun said, from his perch on a ceiling beam. "If she sneezes three times and nobody says 'God bless you,' she'll be turned into a fairy, you know."

Just then, Bridget sneezed a third time. "God bless you!" Billy shouted from the ceiling beam. The angry Cluricaun pushed him off the beam, but Billy didn't mind because the grateful villagers piled him with as much wine as he could drink.





THE TROUBLESOME FAIRY BOGGART

In George's house, in Yorkshire
A troublesome Boggart lives in a knothole off bore.
He larks with the farmer's children
They stick the shodhorn in his hole and he flings it back at them.

The pitch-black Boggart in George's house
Causes no end of trouble!
He steals bread and butter and overturns the milk jug
Making the farmer's wife cry.

In the knothole off bore at George's house
The hairy Boggart causes quite a stir
The farm work and house work never get done
"That does it, we're moving!" George declares.

George's family packs up their belongings
To leave their Yorkshire home to the Boggart
When from the milk can they hear a cry
"Don't forget me, I'm coming, too!"

Poor George of Yorkshire, the Boggart is with him still!





THE HELPFUL FAIRY ELLYLLON



Poor little Rory Pycot
His crops haven't born fruit
His cows don't bear milk
His darling wife is always ill.
Poor little Rory Pycot
His fern work is never done,
Perhaps he should sell the farm,
Perhaps he should sell the house, too.
Poor little Rory Pycot
Dragging his heavy feet
The ferns is done!

Don't worry, Rory Pycot!
We'll look after you!
We'll feed your animals, tread your crops, and clean
your house, too!
Never fear, Rory Pycot!
We'll take care of you!
We'll help you with your work every day
Take heart, Rory Pycot!
We'll look after you!
As long as you don't try to see us!

Curious Kathy, Rory's wife
After three years, she can bear it no more
Awakens in the middle of the night.
Curious Kathy, Rory's wife
Tiptoes down into the kitchen
Just as she thought! The Ellyllon!
Curious Kathy, Rory's wife
Forgets herself and lets out a laugh
Immediately the candle is snuffed!
And with it, the Ellyllon, too, are gone!



FAIRY MINERS KNOCKERS

In a tiny town to the west of Cornwall, there lived a miner named Parker. He was a lazy man, and crafty, too. In the mines in these parts, there lived a kind of fairy called a Knocker who would lead their favorite miners to one with a knock-knock-knock!

One day, Parker had an idea. "The Knockers know where to dig for ore. They must have a pile of gold of their own. I've had enough of digging where they tell us! Why not steal their treasure instead? I'll hide myself and spy on them to learn where their treasure is hidden."

Parker stopped going to work every day and instead spent his time loitering in places where he might see a Knocker. One night, he spotted a line of Knockers heading down a small mineshaft with pickaxes and shovels. Chuckling to himself, Parker hid himself in a stand of ferns and waited for the Knockers to come back out.

Finally, the Knockers finished their work and emerged from the mine shaft, whispering among themselves. "Where shall we hide our sacks of tools this time?"

"Ho-ho! Wherever they hide their tools, no doubt they'll hide their treasure, too!" Parker chuckled.

"I'll hide mine among the ferns," one Knocker said.

"Ho-ho! I'll come back later and look in the ferns," Parker chuckled.

"I'll hide mine in the crack in that boulder," another Knocker said.

"Ho-ho! I'll come back later and look in that crack!" Parker thought.

The three Knockers drew closer. "I'll hide mine in Parker's lap!" said the third Knocker, and with that the bag of heavy tools fell straight into Parker's lap. Parker was never able to walk again.





THE KIND FAIRIES

SEELIE COURT

Alison Gross was an evil witch who hated human beings. One day, she fell in love with a handsome young knight.

"If you will be my one true love, I'll give you many wonderful treasures," she whispered in the knight's ear.

The knight answered, "Awag, you mean old hag! No matter what treasures you offer me, I'll never be your one true lover!"

When the witch heard this, she circled the knight three times and waved her silver wand. With that, the handsome young knight was transformed into a horrible worm, and all he could do was cling to a tree.

As it happened, the handsome knight had a younger sister, and she soon grew worried about her brother. She searched high and low, and finally found him transformed into an ugly worm, clinging to a tree. But even the deep sorrow and devotion of the knight's sister was not enough to break the witch's curse.

On the night of Halloween, the Seelie Court came riding out on their horses, led by their queen. When the queen saw the miserable worm clinging to his tree, she sat down on a bank of daisies and bid him to come sit by her.

The ugly worm wriggled up to the queen and put his head in her lap. The queen cooed him three times, and he was immediately transformed back into a handsome knight, kneeling before her.

After that, Alison Gross's magic never worked again.

The Seelie Court have done many a good turn for human beings, but some say that this was the best.





THE MISCHIEVOUS FAIRIES

PIXIES

It was a foggy night, and Moore the tippler was smugly drunk on his horse. Moore was a never-do-well who wouldn't stop drinking until his purse was empty. He beat his wife, and sometimes he even hit his sweet little children.

Moore's horse, on the other hand, was a very fine beast. Even if Moore was singing or shouting at the top of his lungs, even if he was too drunk to know the horse's head from its tail and he rode it backwards, so long as he managed to climb up onto the creature's back, the horse made sure that he made it home.

That night, Moore caught sight of bright, flickering light through the fog. From atop his horse, he began to shout:

"That foolish mass of mine, lighting such a big candle! Candles aren't free, you know! I'll give her a drubbing for that!"

The horse, however, refused to walk towards the light. Instead, he trotted off quickly in the other direction.

"Stupid horse! What's gotten into you? Take me home, you stupid beast!"

But the horse stood stock still in the road and refused to walk towards the light. Again, Moore whipped the horse and shouted: "Stupid horse! What's gotten into you? Take me home, you stupid beast!"

Moore kicked his horse in the head, then dismounted and began to walk towards the light. Before he had walked two paces, however, he fell into a deep swamp and disappeared into the mud.

The horse went home. When Moore's wife saw that her husband wasn't on his horse and that the horse's feet were covered in mud, she knew that something had happened. Of course, Moore had seen a pixie light. It was the flickering light of a pixie hovering over a bottomless marsh!

Moore's wife lit every candle in the house and danced a dance of joy. From then on, she left fresh water in the basin at night for the pixie children to bathe in and cleaned the hearth every night so that the pixies could dance there.

The horse, for his part, grew very fat, and you couldn't tell whether he was a horse or a pig!





THE HARD-WORKING FAIRIES

BROWNIES

Once upon a time there was an old man in Lincolnshire, and in his house there lived a brownie. The brownie helped with the housework at night, and all he asked for in return was a bit of food. He milked the goats in the barn to make flour, and he ground up the mustard, too. He cleaned up the kitchen, and every job was done carefully and thoroughly.

But brownies are difficult creatures. You must never criticize their work, and you must never try to see them. If you do, they will leave and never come back. This is the brownies' rule.

The old man knew this well, and he made sure never to talk about the brownie or call its name. When he finished his own simple meal, he would leave a slice of wheat bread spread with honey and a cup of milk or cream on the windowsill for the brownie.

There was, however, something unusual about this particular brownie. Normally, they say that brownies go about their work practically naked, wearing nothing but a tattered old shirt, but that if you thank them with new clothes, they will dance off into the night. But this brownie never disappeared, even though the farmer gave him a new linen shirt every New Year. Even though the old man never knew whether the brownie liked his gift, or even whether he actually wore it, he always left a shirt for the brownie, year after year.

When the old man died, his farm was passed down to his son. The man's son could not bear to waste a fine linen shirt on a brownie. Instead, he decided to leave the brownie a coarse sackcloth shirt. That night, the voice of the brownie echoed through the house:

*"Hawke, kerdin, kerdin hoop!
I will neither grind nor stamp,
Nef you givus ne linen gear,
I had served you many a year,
Thet's may go, but look away stay
I shall never be away!"*





THE WEAVER FAIRY HABETROT

Janet of Selkirk was beautiful and carefree
Her friends were the sound of the wind, the waves
of grass, and the smell of the flowers.
She spent her days chasing birds and playing
with deer.

One day Janet was given seven heads of flax.
Spinning yarn was terribly hard!
How would she ever get it done?
In a meadow spending with morning dew she
came across an old woman.

It was a Habetrot, the weaver fairy
"I'll spin your yarn for you."

The forest is quiet but for the rustle of leaves
Janet sleeps atop a stone. Somewhere,
Old Lady Habetrot is spinning yarn.

Seven bundles of smooth, shining yarn
Janet and the seven bundles
A laird sees this and wants her for his bride

The laird wishes
Janet to spin for him
But Old Lady Habetrot does the spinning:
When the moon is full, Janet goes to the wood
With her laird at her side
On a stone sits Old Lady Habetrot.

Spinning and spinning as fast as she can
The laird is astonished!
Old Lady Habetrot, what happened to your lip?

Her lip is far and hangs down to her chest!
It's the fault of the spinning.
The laird is astonished!

Janet, no more spinning for you!
Thank you, Old Lady Habetrot!
And that is why Janet is still carefree.



THE STRANGE OLD FAIRY FOUL WEATHER

The king was walking through the forest, lost in thought. Suddenly, a strange little old man appeared out of nowhere and said, "Why the long face? No need to look so gloomy!"

The king answered wretchedly, "I wanted to build the most magnificent cathedral on earth, but I emptied my coffers just building the foundation!"

The strange old man replied, "I'll build it for you on one condition: you must guess my name. But if you don't guess it by the time the cathedral is finished, I'll have your heart!"

The king nodded, and the strange old man vanished. That night, a tremendous number of hairy little fairies appeared and began to build the cathedral, carrying stones and hammering away without a moment's rest. The king came up with every name he could think of, but when he posed them to the fairies, all they did was laugh mockingly. Again, the king went walking through the forest, lost in thought. Suddenly, he heard the screeching cry of a baby and the soothing voice of a mother singing:

*Go to sleep, my honey one,
In the moon, thy father will come.
In the moon, Foul Weather will come!
And for his lady he will bring
The flesh heart of a king!*

The king rushed back to town as fast as he could. The cathedral was almost finished, all that remained was to fix the weathervane to the top of the steeple.

"Be sure it's on good and straight!" the little old man was saying.

At the top of his lungs, the king shouted, "FOUL WEATHER!"

When the strange little old man heard his cry, he fell head over heels from the roof, and shattered into a thousand pieces like glass.





THE TRANSFORMING FAIRY HEDLEY KOW

In the village of Hedley, near Ebchester, there once lived a poor little old lady. She made her living running errands for the villagers and doing jobs that nobody else wanted, and she always worked with a merry smile. "I'm a lucky one, am I?" she often said.

One evening, she finished her work and began to hurry home, smiling as usual, when she noticed an old urn lying by the side of the road.

"My, my! Look what somebody's lost! I could use that to put flowers in!" She tried to pick up the urn, but it was terribly heavy. When she looked inside, she was astonished to see that it was full of gold coins.

"I'm a lucky one, am I? Finding all these golden coins!"

As the old woman continued to walk, her load suddenly grew heavier. When she looked down, she saw that the gold pieces had turned into silver nuggets.

"I'm a lucky one, am I? Golden coins are hard to spend. This silver will be easier to sell!"

As the old woman continued to walk, her load suddenly grew heavier. When she looked down, she saw that the silver was gone, and this time the pot was full of rusted chunks of iron.

"I'm a lucky one, am I? People are bound to spend ransom if I go around selling silver nuggets. But nobody will talk about an old lady selling chunks of old iron!"

When she finally got home, she looked down again and saw that the chunks of rusty iron were gone, and in its place was a big round stone.

"Oh, my! Only a stone, was it? I'm glad I didn't notice earlier, or I wouldn't have gone to the trouble of hauling it home! I'm a lucky one, am I? I can use this to fix the hole in my fence to stop the pigs and chickens from getting in and messing up my yard!"

As she bent over to lift up the stone, it suddenly grew soft and warm. Before her very eyes, it sprouted four legs and a long hairy tail, and raced off cackling into the night.

At this, the old woman gave a merry laugh. "I'm a lucky one, am I? Seeing the Hedley Kow at my ripe old age! Now there's a special treat!"





THE FRANKSTER FAIRIES
GOBLINS

The witching hour, on a little hill in Devonshire
The phantom goblins hold their strange market



THE LITTLE GIRL FAIRY

AINSEL

Once upon a time, on a very cold night, a little boy refused to go to sleep.

"If you don't go to sleep, the fairies will carry you off!" his mother threatened.

Still, the little boy would not obey. His mother gave up, put out the candle, and got into bed alone. The candlelight was gone, but the stove was still giving off its ruby glow.

Just then, a tiny little girl drifted down the chimney, giving off a glittering light. At first, the boy was startled, but after a moment his fear changed to delight and he invited the girl to play, asking her name.

"Ainsel," she replied. "What's yours?"

The boy found this name funny, so he repeated it: "Ainsel!"

The two of them had a wonderful time playing together, but after a while the fire in the stove began to dwindle and the room grew cold. The boy grabbed the poker and gave the coals a good stir.

Sparks flew, and one fell on the girl's leg. She let out such a piercing scream that the boy was frightened and hid behind the pile of firewood.

Just then, there was a noise so loud it shook the house; Ainsel's mother came flying out of the chimney.

"Who burned you?" she asked her daughter. "Wherever it was, they'll be sorry!"

To this, the girl replied, "Ainsel!"

"Ainsel did it? Well, you've no right to cry then, if you did it yourself!" she scolded. She kicked the girl back up the chimney, flew after her, and was gone.





THE LOCAL FAIRY

PUCA

Phadrig was a very conscientious boy, who always helped his father with his work. On one such day, he saw a bull tear past him towards the mill. When he saw this, Phadrig knew that it had to be a Puca.

"Puca, Puca! What is your true form? If you show me, I'll give you this coat!"

When it heard this, the bull came back, wagging its tail vigorously. "Come to the mill tonight when the moon is in the sky, and you will find a treat."

That night, when the moon was in the sky, Phadrig went down to the mill. All of the men were already sleeping. Phadrig fell asleep, too, and when he awoke it was dawn, and all of the grain had been milled into beautiful flour, even though the men were still asleep. Three nights passed like this, and on the fourth night, Phadrig was determined to stay awake. There was an old, dusty chest in the corner of the mill, and Phadrig climbed inside, peeping out through the keyhole.

And what do you suppose happened? In the middle of the night, six little men and an old man in tattered clothes came into the mill. They set to work, milling the grain into beautiful flour, and by morning they were gone.

When the boy told his father, his father fired all of the men and from then on the milling was left to the Pucas. Before long, Phadrig's family grew rich.

After a while, the kindhearted Phadrig began to feel sorry for the old Puca in his tattered clothes, and he bought a fine suit of clothes and a silk vest and left them in the mill for the Pucas to find. When the old man found the new clothes, he put them on right away and began strutting happily around the mill. Then he walked right out the door.

"I'm a fancy gentleman, now! No more milling for me! Fancy gentlemen don't mill flour! No more milling for me!"

That was the last Phadrig ever saw of the old man, but he never forgot that Puca.





THE KIDNAPPING FAIRIES CHANGELINGS

In an old, tumbledown castle at the edge of the village of Hlanett, in Ireland, there lived a group of fairies that the villagers called the Little Neighbors.

One Halloween eve, the fairies were singing, dancing, drinking, and making merry in their castle. They were having such a fine time that even the old dead leaves on the wild apple tree outside the window looked like shimmering gold.

"Let's go to Dublin, then, and snatch a child!" one of them shouted.

They mounted their team of horses and galloped up into the sky and over the forests of stars. On Halloween eve, as everyone was roasting walnuts and eating apples, the fairies slipped away through the night.

"It's Dublin! Dublin!" one of them cried.

"It's Dublin! Dublin!" the others liltingly echoed.

They alighted at one of the finestest mansions on Steven's Green. In it, they found a beautiful little girl asleep in her beautiful bed. In the blink of an eye, the fairies snatched the child from her bed, and left a stick of wood in her place. Immediately, the stick changed shape to look just like the little girl they had stolen. The fairies flew back through the night, calling out the name of each town as they passed it and passing the child from hand to hand.

It was no wonder that the fairies had wanted to steal the child, for she was indeed quite lovely. It happened, however, that among the fairies there was one adventurous young boy from the village of Hlanett. When they drew close to the village, he took hold of the child and made off with her, bringing her home to his family.





THE HUMAN-HATING FAIRIES

TROWS

On dark, dark nights, the Trows come creeping out of their burrows to look for a bride. They crouch in the shadow of a tree and wait for a human woman to come by. When an unlucky woman happens to wander past, she is unwittingly selected as the Trow's wife.

Mysteriously enough, in the world of Trows, all of the babies are boys, and the Trows have no choice but to steal human women. After giving birth to a Trow's baby, the human mother always dies. The father Trow never dies until his son is grown. But this also means that the Trow will only live until his son reaches adulthood. According to Trow law, if a Trow never takes a wife, the other Trows will drive him away.

Once, there was a Trow who was afraid to die. If only he didn't have to marry and have a child, he could go on living forever! So he decided that just before he was chased away, he would run off and live alone in an old abandoned mud hut.

The Trow managed to cheat death, and he lived in the old mud hut all alone for hundreds of years. After a while, he became terrible lonely, and he took to wandering around his mud hut and talking fiercely to himself. He lived on fish, fowl, and babies made of mud. They weren't real, but they all looked, smelled, and tasted just like the real thing.

As the years went by, the people of Shetland came to know about the Trow that lived in the mud hut, and he was feared and hated by all. But whenever a human being passed by, the Trow would stop and stare longingly, as if he wished he could start a conversation.







THE DARLING FAIRY
ROBIN GOODFELLOW

Robin Goodfellow, mischievous imp!
 The fairy king he calls Pip
 The shepherdess he calls Mian
Every day a merry jest

Robin Goodfellow, mischievous imp!
 Turns himself into a hog
 Thins a mare or sheep or dog
Every day a merry jest

Robin Goodfellow, mischievous imp!
 Flies through the air on a summer breeze
 Plunges into the briny seas
Every day a merry jest

Robin Goodfellow, mischievous imp!
 The favorite of the fairy king
 Can get away with anything
Every day a merry jest



FROM CELTIC MYTHOLOGY
SWAN MAIDENS

*At Lough Dergin Liny lived a beautiful
swan maiden,
Every night, in Anghus's dream
She played the flute and wandered away
Carr was the maiden's name
Princess Isle of Fairy Hill
Transformed by a magic spell
A maiden for one year
A swan for one year*





FROM CELTIC MYTHOLOGY

ETAÍN

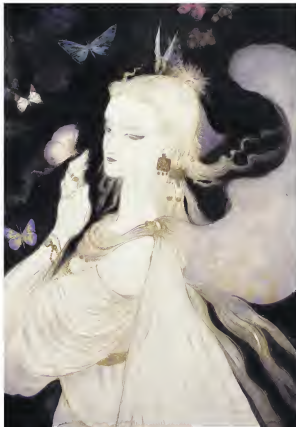
*Beloved of the immortal undeluded
Dhau that on Finty will
A pure and fair Irish maiden*

*The jealous queen of the underworld
Cast a spell with magic word
To make Etais a purple butterfly*

*Flitting from flower to flower
Again the queen spotted her prey
And blew her away to a stormy sea*

*Snapt up in a whirlwind
Etais landed in the jealous queen's cup
Who unknowingly drank her steel!*

*Now butterfly Etais has lost
All memory of her previous life
Enchored as Etais's petulant daughter*



FROM THE LEGEND OF KING ARTHUR

TRIAMOUR

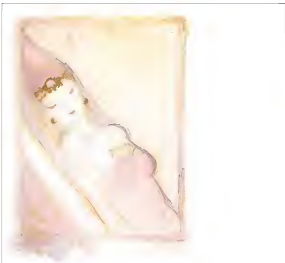
*A true-hearted knight fell in love
With a maid fairer than the Acornblossom blossom
Her name was Triamour
Princess of the Fairy Land in the West*

*Their love was to be kept a secret
The knight pledged never to reveal
His love for her to anyone
Else she would not return*

*When he was told to the pyre
Triamour came riding in
On a lovely snow-white steed
And bade her knight to join her*

*In the far-off realm of the fair
Witnesses the lovers' noble fate
And the horn of the hunters
Salutes Triamour and her knight*

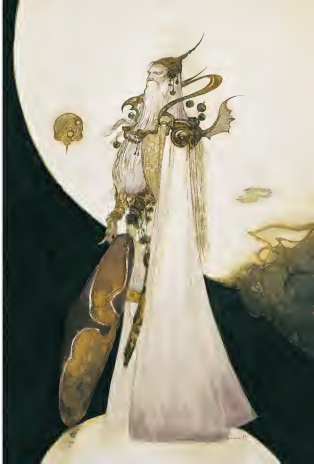




FROM THE LEGEND OF KING ARTHUR
MERLIN AND NIMUE

*It was King Arthur's wedding day
 Nimue came charging in
 Pursuing a white hart
 She wore a green cloak and carried a hugh, bow, and arrow.
 It was King Arthur's wedding day
 Merlin deceived Nimue with magic
 Claiming her heart for himself
 Days went by, years went by,
 Merlin slept in the shade of a tree*

*Softly, Nimue cast a spell
 Merlin, who loved Nimue so
 Lost his powers to her
 And became her prisoner in an invisible diapire
 You deceived me, I know
 But do not ever leave my side*



FAIRY OF THE SEA
MERMAID

*By the small village of Corwen
In a tiny moonlit cove
A song drifts over the waves
A bewitching melody*

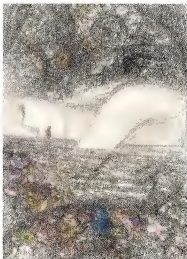
*By the small village of Corwen
In a storm-ravaged cove
The singer in the foamy waves
Is the fair and gentle Mermaid*



FAIRY OF THE LAKE
GWRAGEDD ANNWN

*Gwraigol Annwn, fairy of the lake
Decides the fates of mortal lives
in a glimmering moorlit boat
Rowing with glimmering moorlit oars*

*If you love me, you must pledge —
If you pledge, never betray —*



THE CELTIC FAIRIES CHANGES OF FIGURES IN JAPAN

BY KIMIE IMURA

The Cornwall Peninsula juts out into the ocean in south-western Britain. Amid the cries of the seagulls, its residents lead slow-paced lives, half of them fishermen and the rest farmers. The fishermen deem their last catch of the day a *Peach Fairy* and return it to the ocean, and the farmers spill the farm milk they squeeze from their cows on the ground for the *Pinkie Fairies*. When fortune smiles upon someone, they rejoice that a *lucky Fairy* is protecting them, while something goes awry, it is attributed to *harmful Fairies* living among the people here, and they serve as a buffer to soften the blow of direct anger or address. I am always acutely aware of the special role fairies play in the particular humor of the British, and of how their presence broadens people's capacity for emotional expression.

When you tread into the wild heath of the moors, however, beware of the *Gully Traps* of the *Flakes*, or you will be led hither and thither all night long only to be dropped into a swamp, or whisked away and not heard from for days, or come away with blue bruises as the result of *Fairy Pinching*, or be pierced with a numbing *Til' Dart*—for the *Flakes* are always scheming to upset the lives of mortals. There are benevolent *faeries* who will grant you fortunes of *Fairy Coins*; cantankerous, single-minded *faeries* who like to make their ire felt; and roguish *imps* who adore playing pranks. Just as the word "*faery*" is derived from the Latin *fauna*, or *fae*, *faeries* play a role in the destinies of mortals. One particularly interesting aspect of the fairy tales of the British Isles is the fact that these supernatural beings have a relationship with the human world, causing all manner of unexpected things to happen.

The criteria for selection of representative *faeries*—in other words, the categorization of the *faeries* chosen—is basically as follows:

(1) The *faeries* unique to the folklore of the five regions of the British Isles; (2) the *faeries* of Celtic Mythology; (3) the *faeries* of the Legend of King Arthur, and (4) the distinctive *faeries* that appear in the plays of Shakespeare, which have been instrumental in defining the image of *faeries* we hold today.

These four categories can be further divided into the following classifications.

Folklore Fairies

Irish Fairies: Leprechaun, Cluracan, Puck, Mrow, Gancanagh, Banshee, Roane

Scottish Fairies: Seelie Court, Brownie, Thwa, Hebeot, Silkie, Callicoe, Bhaer (Orkney), Thurgarns (England), The Coud' Lad of Hilton (England)

Welsh Fairies: Cwsgodd Anwen, Tylwyth Teg, Ellyllan

English Fairies: Robin Goodfellow, Boggarts, Mermoids, Goblins, Apses

Cornish Fairies: Kneekers, Flakes, Foul Weather, Skillywiddon, Changelings, Heddy Kow

Fairies of Celtic Mythology: Oisín and the *Fairy Queen*, Eala the *Butterfly*, the *Swan Maiden*

Fairies of the Legend of King Arthur: Nimue, the Lady of the Lake; Morgan Le Fay, Triamour

Fairies from Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*: Oberon, Titania, Puck

The above *faeries* comprise two major categories: (1) Folklore Fairies, who inhabit traditional folk stories (the former group), and (2) Invented Fairies, who owe their existence to human



creativity (Peter Pan, Sand Faeerie, etc.). The faeries are also divided up according to the five regions of the British Isles, and in each location they take on characteristics that reflect the land, moors, and nature of these regions.

In Ireland, otherwise known as the Emerald Isle, many sorts of predatory beasts and human beings coexist with supernatural ones. Puck might lurk in the hills just beyond your garden and you might come across a sweet-talking Ganesnagh in your pasture. In the highlands of hilly Scotland in winter, Calveach Beira freezes the ground with a tap of her wand, and in the misty lakes of Wales, the golden-haired Tylwyth Teg emerge from their underwater realms on moonlit nights. In England, the half-human, half-fairy Robin Goodfellow or a hefty Boggan might appear in your house, either to help with the dishes or to ransack your belongings. Knockers guide people to ore in the mines of Cornwall, and Pies lead travelers astray in the beach.

There are also what might be called Local-dwelling Fairies, whose garb so resembles their human counterparts as to be mistaken for them. They appear in tartan-checked kilts in Scotland or worn woolens like those of the farmers in Ireland, reflecting the clothing, appearance, and character of their region, and often mixing in with their mortal neighbors at gatherings and celebrations. Sometimes their faces are neighborly, other times terrifying.

If we trace *Foldore* Fables back to their origins, we arrive in the world of the gods of Celtic Mythology. The Celtic Tuatha de Danann (the people of the Goddess Danu) were defeated in battle by the Milesians, the forebears of the Irish. The Tuatha were driven away beyond the ocean, becoming the Unseen Ones, and underground, where they created the fairy country of Tir Na nÓg (the Land of Everlasting Youth). Gradually, they lost their status as deities, and they grew smaller and became faeries. Fairies are, in a sense, tiny gods/pagan gods who have been abandoned. If Christianity is the brilliant world of Logos, they reside in the dusky worlds of Mythos, dwellers of a shadowy land. As such, faeries have communally existed in the subconscious realm of folk culture from antiquity through modern times. The medieval romance troubadours breathed life into their memory, and they were recreated in new form by the imagination of poets and writers, giving birth to Puck, Peter Pan, and Pansyhead, the Sand Fairy.

From the realm of the imagination, faeries appeared in written form both in literary texts and children's stories, and in Elizabethan times, faeries were manifested theatrically, sharing stages and worlds with human characters. During the Victorian era, faeries of all different colors and shapes appeared in paintings. Beyond this, faeries can be appreciated phonically in musical compositions and/or through dance in such ballets as *Le Sylphide* and *Le Spectre de la Rose*.

Thus, we see what dynamic roles faeries have played in the British Isles. But across the ocean, in the far-off country of Japan, did similar spirits and supernatural beings exist? Moreover, what sort of physical and psychological interpretations were assigned to faeries and elves, creatures that had not originally inhabited the Japanese subconscious?

The *senryō*, a being that resembles a fairy, first appears in Japanese literature in the *Gode Shishaku* in 1322. However, the *senryō* were in fact mortals who had acquired supernatural powers through a Taoist practice called *trans-ama*. Further back, During the Nara Period, local gazettes called *Fukushi* (Records of Wind and Earth) were compiled in various prefectures beginning in 713 AD, and these included legends of giants, dwarves, and owans. Figures such as the goddess Oshihime, Tenjō (Buddhist or Buddhist angel-fairies), and Ōshichi, the Great Goddess of the West, also make appearances, but are referred to as belonging to a far-off, unknown country, and many of them are derived from Chinese or Southeast Asian sources. The spirits that appear in *Mōro Ayikiri* (approximately 822 AD) are predominantly the returning souls of



the dead (i.e. ghosts, phantoms, specters, etc.) and are dismissed as evil presences, perhaps because of the Buddhist nature of the text. Origuchi Shinpei classified supernatural beings into four categories: "kami (gods), tama (souls), mono (spirits), or oni (demons)," almost all of which fell into the latter three categories. In Yonagita Kitaro's *Tenno Mingeigaku* (1903), there are stories of kappa (water imps), arisaka (river devils), demons such as Oshichi-nama and Okuni-nama, yama-otoko (mountain gnomes), and yama-otoko (mountain crones), etc. These supernatural beings are not phantoms or specters, but even those that pertain to water spirits or household spirits retain a dad, threatening quality.

On the other hand, the multitudinous shinto gods of Japanese mythology, including the deities that appear in the *Yoshi* (Records of Ancient Matters) and *Nihon Shoki* (Chronicle of Japan), are actually not unlike *senryō*. These include the sun goddess Amaterasu, Princess Kotohime Sakuya, who makes the flowers of spring bloom from beneath the train of her garments, and Princesses Soterio and Itayakitsu, who hasten evil and impurities to be carried away from rivers, to oceans, and then to the underworld. These mythological goddesses are natural spirits, and in that sense they are very similar to fairies. Celtic fairies, too, were descendants of the pagan gods that were shunned by the teachings of Christianity.

When did the words "fairy" and "elf" first permeate Japanese culture?

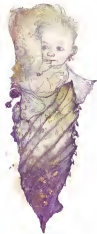
The earliest examples include Ueda Aoki's theoretical treatise on *senryō* (1922). He writes that there is no good translation for the English word "fairy" in Japanese, and that the best approach is to communicate the idea by using the word *senryō* and to then explain its characteristics in more detail. The fact that the word was difficult to translate into Japanese, and that there was no appropriate equivalency to represent the concept, suggests that the concept itself did not exist. Fairies are introduced as "mutated butterflies," "varieties on an insect," or "fairy: fantastic *senryō*." Irish fairy tales—the context in which fairies exist—were first introduced to Japan during the late Taisho and early Showa periods. Authors such as Matsuzawa Mitsuko and Senga Nakano, Akutagawa Ryūnosuke and Ogino Shōmei translated the anthology edited by Celtic author Yeats, *Fairy and Folk Tales of the Irish Peasantry*, and the works of Evans McDowd. In these works, fairies are not referred to as *senryō*, but as "natural spirits" or as *yōsei*, the modern Japanese word for fairies.

However, the real discernment of the modern Japanese image of fairies was not so much these literary descriptions as visual illustrations, such as Arthur Rackham's traditions of ennobling, hangable elves wearing adam hats, or Peter Pan perched on a mushroom, playing a flute, or Cately Barker's lonely Hawthorn and Daisy fairies. It was not until the 1960s that Japanese artists began to produce their own drawings and models of fairies; in other words, this phenomenon emerged only within the past two decades. The creativity of these artists is beginning to give rise to some unique interpretations of these life forms, but for the most

part fairies are generally reproduced in a whimsy, decorative, and stylized manner. There are not yet many artists who fashion truly novel fairies, digesting the properties of these creatures and bringing them to life in their own original creations.

In this context, the Celtic fairies drawn by Yoshioka Amano deserve their foundations from the traditions of British folklore, but they inhabit an unprecedented, unique realm in potpourri forms through the incorporation of a Japanese aesthetic. In a sense, through these diverse fairies, Amano gives birth to a fantasy realm of his own invention. From the four categories of Celtic fairies given at the beginning of this essay, Amano chooses twenty-seven creatures and renders each of their worlds in an appropriate medium, including water-based acrylics, ink, and oil paints. Ink painting is just the right medium for *faeries* (listed as "Celtic Fairies"), water colors are selected for more sprightly creatures, and oils are used for the Mermaids. In depicting the inhabitants of this otherworld, Amano employs a fine, painterly style for some creatures so elicit a melancholic, dainty, or wistful effect, while delicately rendering others in fine detail to achieve a sleeker, more erotic form.

Yoshioka Amano once said, "You cannot paint fairies without entering their world and believing in them," and it is this mentality that enables the artist to convey the inhabitants of this foreign realm with a light hand, without the intention of adulterating their existence. The world that emerges is fantastic and dreamlike, and the fairies themselves are such celestial forms as to be almost transparent. Amano's fairies are skillfully imbued with the aesthetic of natural spirits, and this is expressed in delicately filled lines, giving rise to a singular and exceptionally beautiful fairy universe.



YOSHITAKA AMANO

Born in 1952, Yoshitaka Amano was hired at the age of fifteen by Tatsunoko Productions, where he was involved in character design for the animated television program *Gatchman* (aired in America as *Battle of the Planets* and *G-Power*) among other projects. His career in publishing began with *Twilight Worlds* in 1981; in 1983 he was presented with the Teien Award for Art, which he went on to win for three subsequent years. In 1987 he did the character design for the first *Final Fantasy* video game, winning him widespread acclaim. In 1990 he branched out into more artistic realms, doing stage design for Tamao Saburo Bandori's production of *Mayonaka* and other plays, and designing a stained glass window for the Yasei Museum. In 1995, a deepening interest in art led him to begin making lithographs at a studio in Paris. In 1996, he began doing lithographs at a studio in New York and has since held solo exhibitions in galleries all over Japan. In 1997 he held his first solo exhibition in New York.

FAIRIES

Publisher MIKE RICHARDSON

Editor ROBERT SIMPSON

Publication Design JUSTIN COUCH

Art Director LIA RIGNACCHI

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to which, apparently, each culture has its own percentage of magical or supernatural entities, goblins, and so on, though some have professed not to believe at all – not the world, as Spinoza thought, but the particular set of beliefs it is attempting to formalize. In the images themselves, from such things as the phantasies of *Die Kunst des Schattenspiels* to the late-Gothic *Phantasie in Christo*, the place of the female in the image of the universe, "Götter und Menschen der Welt" as well as the interpretation of human form (child and woman) and mythical

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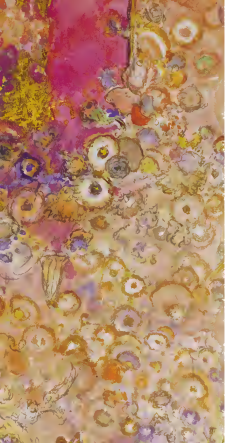
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*"You cannot paint fiction
without entering their world
and believing as they."*

*— Voltaire, *Anna**